

## War Hounds

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Mindless, semiviolent fluff.

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**\*\*War Hounds\*\***

Grif let the grenade soar over his left shoulder as he ran for cover. Distantly, he could hear the flat female voice intoning, "\_Firing main cannon.\_" He dove behind a rock just as the tank let a ball of firepower erupt in his direction. The grenade bounced off the cliff side and detonated harmlessly, sending up a geyser of dust and pebbles. For a moment, the thick, heavy air was cloaked in dirt. Grif scrubbed furiously at his visor until it was transparent again, before sinking heavily to the canyon floor. Everything went quiet for a moment.

As the dust settled and things became visible again, he spotted Sarge and Donut crouched a little ahead of him behind the overturned Warthog. Farther on, Simmons was perched between some boulders, his gun pointed over the top of one (\_as though he'd actually use it\_) and his leg bleeding profusely, obvious even from this distance.

\_No good,\_ he thought, and, as was his way, immediately gave voice that thought. "It's no good, Sarge," he called. His voice was strained and husky, his throat coated with dust from the many explosions. "Call it off, Sarge, we can't win. We have to give up."

Sarge spun around. Grif imagined he was being glared at intensely, though it was impossible to tell. "Give up? \_Give up?!\_ Never! We'll die before we surrender! And do you know why, Grif?"

Grif sighed. He knew where this was going. "No, sir. Why?"

"Because we- and by \_we\_ and I mean me, Simmons, and Donut-" he

glanced at the pink private squatting next to him. Donut chose that moment to accidentally fall backwards onto his rump with a whined \_ow\_. "Or, at least, Simmons and I- are righteous men sent by our country to protect this land with our lives. We'll die before we give into any of those scumbags demands! They're the\_ enemies\_!"

\_The enemies of what? \_ Grif wondered. \_All my enemies are on this side, making me hide behind this stupid rock.\_

"Can we vote on the whole dying thing?" Simmons called.

"Quiet, Simmons!" Sarge barked. "We'll win this battle or we'll die in a glorious blaze!" Grif thudded his helmeted head into the rock a few times, groaning in exasperation.

"Hey, quiet, guys," Donut said, "I think they're talking over there."

They all fell silent and strained their ears, listening to the voices coming sluggishly through the still air.

"Can we stop fighting now?"

"Shut up, Caboose."

"\_Please\_?"

"I said shut up! Tucker, where are the extra rounds for the sniper-Tucker what the fuck are you doing?"

"Huh? Uh..."

"Is that... is that a magazine? Is that \_popcorn\_? Tucker, what the fuck, man, we're in the middle of a battle!"

"Well, yeah, but..."

"'Yeah, but' what, man? We could fucking die and you're eating popcorn and reading... \_Seventeen\_? Okay, what the fuck man."

"You just want my popcorn."

"...Yeah, give me some."

"You guys are such morons."

"Yeah, well, you're a bitch. Guess we're even."

"Asshole."

Donut rose up on his knees and peered around a tire. "I think they're distracted, Sarge."

Grif silently agreed as the arguing voices became more heated. "We should make a break for it."

"What?" Sarge asked incredulously, as though the idea of running away while they still had a chance was insane. "This is the perfect time to get 'em! On my signal, we rush their base!"

"But Sarge, what about their-"

"\_Signal!\_"

"-tank?"

But the reminder came too late, as Sarge and Donut both jumped up, howling a war cry (or a 'Look out boys, here comes Delano!") as they charged the Blues. Grif and Simmons shared a look (well, they would have shared the look if they could see each other's faces) and then simultaneously ran in the opposite direction (Simmons hobbling, rather than running.)

Grif spent the rest of the afternoon eating Oreos while watching Simmons clean out his leg and listening to the sounds of tank fire, loud southern curses and a very high pitched shrieking.

End  
file.